

BOYS SPEAK OUT



on

man / boy love



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Walt Whitman with Bill Duckett in Camden, 1885

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Preface

This is the fourth edition of NAMBLA's most popular publication, *Boys Speak Out on Man/Boy Love*, presenting many new writings by boys describing man/boy love from their point of view. We have included all of the text from the first edition, including David Thorstad's introduction. For convenience, the 34 selections have been organized thematically.

These writings eloquently express the spirit of youth and describe their actual experiences with adults. In today's context of profound ageism, sexphobia, anti-choice attitudes, and scapegoating, the authentic words of boys serve to correct the stereotyped images of "helpless" youth and "exploiting" adults. The human dimension of authentic experience complements the ample and growing evidence in academic studies supporting the value of choice. And, like NAMBLA, organizations of young people—including the International Gay and Lesbian Youth Organization and its precursor, the Second International Gay Youth Congress (quoted herein)—have called for an end to the oppression of consensual sexual relations.

Most of these writings are letters we received from boys. Some responded to NAMBLA's public call for open discussion. Others sent letters without any certain awareness of NAMBLA except our name and our address. Many more inquiries and letters of support have come from boys than we have published. Over the years, many such letters have been discarded, when they focus on the sexual to the exclusion of virtually all else. Of course, the focus of this collection is on man/boy love, so there will be some discussion of sexual aspects as well as the other aspects of man/boy relationships. In addition to the letters, we have included editorials and poems by boys, interviews of boys, and other documents that express the opinions of boys on man/boy love.

The opinions, feelings, and experiences related by these young people

are not uncommon. Their views are entirely consistent with a large and increasing number of well-designed empirical studies, which show that consensual relations are not threatening and are usually viewed positively by the participating boys. Those who have had the experiences of man/boy love need not doubt them, and those who have not can now learn a bit about them, from boys who have chosen to speak out.

David Miller
San Francisco, July 1, 1996



Walt Whitman with Bill Duckett in Camden, 1885.

Introduction

by David Thorstad

Boy-lovers are sometimes accused of speaking for boys, rather than allowing boys to speak for themselves. This accusation has always struck me as unfair. If boys—and children in general—are denied a voice about matters of concern to them, this is not the fault of boy-lovers, but of the heterosexual authorities, and even of the adult lesbian and gay movement, which often formulates its goals as though gay children did not exist. Nobody ever bothers to ask children what they think about government efforts to cut back on child advocacy and child welfare programs, to set an arbitrary age at which they are allowed to have sex, to draft them to die in far-off wars, and so forth. Children are never consulted about sex education, efforts to censor books in school libraries, the right of young people to employment and a fair return on their labor, or whom they wish to live with. Children are powerless. A diminishing segment of American society, they are denied the vote and say-so over their own lives.

Adults are always presuming to speak for children. Nobody bats an eyelash, for instance, when adult feminists speak for young girls, asserting that this is their right since they are addressing their own past experiences as girls. Perhaps in some measure they have a right to do so. But by the same token, why should not men be able to address the experiences of boys, since after all they were once boys themselves? Often, critics of boy-lovers appear to follow a double standard designed to deny the validity of the boy-lover's experience just because he is a man. In reality, being male gives one a special insight into the experiences of other males, whatever their age. The arrogance here lies with the critics of man/boy love, not with boy-lovers. A more tolerant and understanding population would be difficult to find.

The North American Man/Boy Love Association has always provided a platform for boys to voice their views on the issue of man/boy love. With the exception of gay youth organizations, probably no other group has made a greater effort to do this. Boys have participated in our conferences, on panels, in public forums, on the radio, in NAMBLA contingents in demonstrations, and in interviews with the press.

Nevertheless, while NAMBLA listens to boys, and struggles against ageism within its own ranks, it is true that most adults and state institutions turn a deaf ear to their voices. This pamphlet is a modest effort to correct that. NAMBLA will consider expanding the pamphlet in future editions if more boys are stimulated by it to send us statements about their own experiences.

The statements presented here are in the boys' own words. They have not been edited, except for minor punctuation and spelling alterations. Some of the boys requested that their name and address be given. However, NAMBLA has decided not to give addresses, and names have been changed, so as to protect the boys and their friends from possible harassment by police or other heterosexual emissaries of the state.

Man/boy relationships are very widespread, and go on in virtually every American neighborhood. We make no claim that this compilation is "representative" of all boy experiences of the man/boy love relationship—though in many ways the experiences they describe are typical. Barely a dozen statements are published here. Some of the authors are gay identified, others are not. The authors are multiracial, and span the teenage years, but none are younger than 13. They tend to be concentrated on the East Coast of the United States. All the authors have been sexually active with men, so they do not address the thoughts and problems of the boy who would like to, but has not had the opportunity to, enjoy sex with a man. Perhaps these letters will communicate a sense of hope and self-worth to such boys, who may read them and realize that their fantasies and desires are indeed shared by others.

Not every boy who wanted to contribute was able to do so. Not everyone, for instance, no matter how old, feels comfortable putting innermost thoughts down in writing. For many, perhaps all, of the contributors to this collection, it was the first time they had ever done this. They did so because they felt strongly about the importance of speaking out. Theirs are authentic voices, and NAMBLA is proud to help make them heard.

NAMBLA is working to change public perceptions and laws about consensual sexual relationships between adults and minors. Today, the law and public prejudice make little or no distinction between a man who forcibly rapes a child and one who genuinely cares for and loves a boy. Some judges have condemned boy-lovers as being "worse than murderers," even though their only "crime" has been to share their body and affection with a boy in a friendship that includes mutually enjoyable sexual experiences. It is a shame that in American society, it is a greater crime to love a child than it is to beat — or even kill — a child.

NAMBLA believes that any child, regardless of age, should have the right to say "yes" or "no" to any person. The child should have the right to initiate the relationship, as he often does. He should have the right to enjoy and develop the relationship without fear of shame or ridicule, or of harassment by parents or police. Children should have free access to factual information about

sexual relationships of all kinds, and the right to control their own bodies without interference from adults. No child is harmed by any consensual sexual experience, but children are harmed by society's condemnation and persecution of their bodily pleasures.

NAMBLA believes that children need more than just sexual freedom, but it also recognizes that the denial of sexual pleasure can inflict severe and lasting pain. It is not the proper role of the state to attempt to enforce private personal morality, nor to "protect" children from themselves by denying them exposure to homoerotic or other sexual pleasure, if they so desire. The state should stay out of private bedrooms. Unfortunately, as the current FBI and police repression against NAMBLA shows, the authorities do not hesitate to break up friendships between men and boys in their vendetta against man/boy love. The state flaunts its power over the ruined lives of innocent lovers. Only by standing up for our right to love can we ever hope to end this injustice.

David Thorstad

New York, September 1, 1981



Love & Loyalty

The Best Thing That Ever Happened to Me

Hi, how are you? I am 16 years old, and have been involved in a boy-man relationship since I was 12, and I am still with the same man. My life is far better now since meeting this guy four years ago. At first there was plenty of sex and fooling around with each other, and today we are great friends and continue to have great sex. I feel he sincerely loves me, and I love him. My relationship, although frowned upon by society, is the best thing that ever happened to me. You may use my name if you wish. I am proud of my relationship.

In Love,
Greg
Philadelphia



I Love Him, and I Know That He Loves Me

The first time that I ever had a relationship with a man was when I was 11. I'm now 16. It was nice. I met this man through a friend. It started out kind of weird. I moved in with him, going everywhere with him, helping him out. He helped me out, and I kept on living with him. I go up to see him every weekend, and everything just built up.

We have had our little arguments here and there, but we have worked it out and everything. I feel O.K. about him. I love him and I know that he loves me. This makes me feel good. It makes me feel good inside.

Relationships between men and boys are O.K. I know quite a few men and boys who have relationships, and they all seem O.K. The men and boys who are involved in the relationships that I know are nice.

I can't let anything happen to him; it would really hurt me. All that I know is that if anything does really happen to him, I feel sorry for the person who does it, because I will be after him, to hurt the person, just like the way that they hurt me.

I see myself basically as bi-sexual. Bi-sexuality means to me being half gay and half not. I have girlfriends. The relationships with them are also nice.

Darrel
New Jersey



It Shouldn't Be a Crime to Make Love

The following letter was sent to NAMBLA by a 12 1/2-year-old, in response to our call for submissions to a revised pamphlet *Boys Speak Out on Man/Boy Love*.

Dear NAMBLA,

I was asked to write what I feel about my relationship with my lover. I have two. One is a boy who is 13; the other, a man who is 23. I don't think sex should be illegal for me and him. I love him and he loves me. I have known him since I was five. He used to baby-sit me.

It's good to have him to love. He protects me and takes me out and treats me like I'm very special. He never hurts me or tells me to do anything. He lets me make it clear to him when I want to do something.

I had a bad man beat me up and rape me when I was seven, and he didn't love me like my lover does. Our relationship works real good. We never argue, and he treats me like a lover and friend, not a child. He knows my needs and makes me feel very good in sex. He's never fucked me since he's way too big and he doesn't want to hurt me.

It shouldn't be a crime to make love. If I couldn't have sex with him, I'd probably kill myself. He would die for me, I know. I get very good grades in school and he helps me study on the phone or on visits to see him.

I feel kids are people with sexual needs, like adults. We're just smaller but sex is still nice for us. I have a great mom. She loves my lover and approves of him and me because she wants me happy and not sad. The only bad thing is he's in jail for his love of another boy and some shit. I don't want him in trouble any more.

Bryan

♦ NAMBLA *Bulletin*, vol. 12, no. 4 (May 1991), p. 13.

Boys Help Men, Too

"Do you like to have sex with guys?" I'd frankly ask the naked man sitting next to me. It was my favorite question. I am 18, and have been having sex with older men ever since I was 12. I was a pubescent sex fiend, always picking up men at the park, shooting off with them, then usually never seeing them again. Like other horny boys my age, I knew what I wanted, and I knew how to get it. That is how my relationship with EL., 34, started out.

I met EL. the same way I met all of the others; that is, at the local recreation center, in the locker room. I went to EL's house for the first time when I

was thirteen. I have been seeing him ever since. At his house we would watch a movie, have sex, then he would take me home, usually without my uttering one meaningful word to him. All I wanted was to have his prick in my mouth, and to put mine in his. I was never interested in a "relationship." I was just being myself. I didn't care what he felt, unless, of course, he felt it improperly....

In the spring of my eighteenth year we realized that I would be heading off to college very soon, and we also faced the fact that we were (are) desperately in love. Through a series of discussions that year, we decided to maintain our relationship beyond the barriers of distance and separation.

Recently, I began researching pedophilia and have read all too much of "what the man gives the boy" (e.g. companionship, a best friend, love). EL. has given me all these things, plus a lot more. This is all expected, and fabulous to have, but what about the other side? I've given EL. just as much as he's given to me. One night, as I was lying naked with EL., rambling on about general teenage angst, he said to me, "Y'know, I never really thought about just talking with a person."

I was dumbfounded. I've always been completely open with people (when I decide to say anything at all). EL. explained to me how closeted he has always been—about everything: his thoughts, his feelings, his sexuality, and how a large part of his life, in his eyes, was a general waste. EL. also showed me how my influence was the impetus for his coming out—out with thoughts, feelings, and out with his being gay. With the help of my naive, not-so-innocent openness, and EL.'s courage to face up to the world, he is leading a different life.

This is not to say that NAMBLA has completely disregarded the male point of view. NAMBLA should be extolled for the work that is being done, but maybe it's time to put equal emphasis on the other side of the relationship. Love is, after all, a give-and-take experience, and I know from having the boy's experience that I've enjoyed the taking just as much as I've enjoyed the giving.

"College Boy"

Virginia

♦ NAMBLA *Bulletin*, vol. 11, no. 9 (December 1990), p. 8.

I'm Not Going To Be Kept Away from Him

Interview with Thijs

(10 years, 11 months)

What do you spend most of your time doing?

Well, first I was in a swim club, but I didn't like that very much. I don't have many hobbies. Sometimes I play a little football. And handball and so on.

Mostly I just do different things. I play outside a lot, sometimes with my friends, sometimes alone.

Then what do you do?

Football, ride the trams around town. I go swimming all the time with Joop [his older partner—Ed] at the naturist pool. Usually with Joop, or with Loek, another man. Yes, he knows a lot of people.

Does it make a difference to you that it's naked swimming?

Well, nobody cares if it's naked swimming, but I don't like it much if someone joins us I don't know.

Do you do that every weekend?

Yes, but sometimes he goes somewhere else.

What do you enjoy a lot?

Playing outside.

But we already have that.

Well, I usually come here to Joop's. And I play with him. I enjoy being with him.

What sort of games do you play, then?

Sometimes we just sit around, and then lots of boys and girls drop in at Joop's, usually just as many girls as boys. Every Saturday, with chips [french fries] and stuff, and I always come here. But I also come when there's nobody here. So when nobody else is allowed in I am, just because I have known him for a long time. So that's what I do a lot. Yes, and sometimes I make love with him.

What do you mean by 'make love'?

Sex, make love, both the same.

You say that's the same, sex and making love?

Pretty much.

So what shall we put down? "Sex with Joop"? Or would you rather say 'making love'?

Doesn't make any difference. It only happens between the two of us.

What do you really dislike?

Being at school.

How is that?

Because I can't be outside playing. Just about every day we have something difficult we have to do—but always something nice, too. Well, I don't know; it's mostly just school.

Is there something that you think about a lot, for example, when you lie in bed at night?

Yes, every now and then I think that I used to be able to sleep with Joop, but now not any more.

You think about that?

Yes, and in the morning I'll have to go to school again.

That school's always there, isn't it?

Sometimes I sleep with my mother, but I have my own room, too, but then my mother is all alone and she is so old.

Do you think your mother doesn't like to sleep alone?

No.

Why, then, do you sleep with your mother?

Because otherwise she's all by herself, of course. My sister sleeps with her fairly often, too, but she usually sleeps by herself.

In the past you were allowed to sleep with Joop?

Yes, but not any more. Then she said, "You can't go over there." She didn't like it, she said, and of course I couldn't sleep with him anymore. Yes, so it's best not to do it, because she absolutely doesn't want it, and after I'd been coming here a long time.

What do you think of that?

Well, it's not nice, of course. And so I think a lot about it.

Who do you get along with very well?

With Joop and Loek.

Who is Loek?

The one who always comes along swimming.

Are there more people you get along well with?

A whole lot — with Loek's friends, with the people I know well, of course.

Do you have any idea why you get along so well with Joop?

That's because I've known him so long.

How long is that?

I'm not really sure — two and a half years or so. I never quarrel with him.

Who do you not get along well with?

Oh, my brother. My brother's always calling me "mini-poot" when I go off to see Joop. ("Poot" is a derogatory Dutch slang word for homosexual—Ed.) I'm always fighting with him. And my sister, who is always bossing me around.

What's your brother's name?

Guus.

And he calls you "mini-poot"?

The way he does it is real crude. I think it's a rotten name.

Which you don't like to be called?

No, not that name. But if they say, "You're going with Joop," well, I don't like that either.

And what's your sister's name?

Trees.

So with Guus and Trees you don't get along so well?

And with Dickie. He says behind Joop's back, "I'm not going any more to the poot's home!" But he goes to bed with him just the same.

So he calls Joop names behind his back?

Yeah; I've told Joop a couple of times about it, but he won't listen to me.

Do you think that's because it doesn't bother him?

I don't know.

Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. For example, going to school can be pleasant because you learn things there, but it can also be unpleasant, as when you are punished for something. If you now think about having sex with Joop, what would you say is nice about it?

That we like to be with each other. And that I'm used to it. And that it's nice, and all.

You find it nice?

Yes, I just find it real nice with him, the sex and all.

What do you find is the unpleasant side of your sex with Joop?

There isn't one. At least I don't know of any.

Not even when you think about it real hard?

No.

Isn't there something that you'd really rather not do?

No. If there was I'd certainly say so.

Now, I would like to go over some of the things you have written down. That you can no longer sleep with Joop. At first your mother let you go?

At first, yes. A couple of times, a couple of days or so.

So at first it was allowed. Why no longer?

My mother got to know a little about Joop, something about how he is.

She got suspicious?

Yes.

How did that happen?

It started over swimming nude. Joop's friends said I went swimming, naked swimming. And my mother thought that wasn't a good idea.

Then she didn't permit it any more?

Yes, she already knew a whole lot.

Was that a long time ago, that you were able to sleep with Joop?

A year or two—yes, a year and a half.

How long have you known Joop?

I don't know, two, two and a half years or something.

You're almost eleven, eh, so you were around eight or nine?

Yes.

Can you remember how you got to know him, how it went?

Yes. We were going to play football. I was on a bike and the chain came off and Joop said, "Here, I'll help you put it on." Well, I could do that myself, but he wanted to help me so I let him. Then he said, "Would you like to come in?" Well, so I went in, and then I started to go to football with him more often. And then suddenly one time we had sex. It happened very quickly, that sex. I didn't know anything about sex then, but I learned in a hurry. One evening I went to the bathroom and he took hold of my penis, and then we made a little

love, I mean, had a little sex.

What did you think about it, that first time?

I was embarrassed, some, but later when I'd been dropping by for a week, I just got used to it.

The first time you had sex together, you say, was right in the beginning, so you didn't really know him for very long then?

I'd only known him two or three days. That was when I was still in the boys' home. I used to come in to his house every weekend, and also sometimes during the week. But then I usually had to eat at the boys' home. Around noon I'd say I was going to go outside and play, and then I'd go to my mother.

So it was right in the beginning. Can you say what happened the first time?

What, the sex? Yes, first he asked me if it was okay. He said, "If you don't like it you've got to tell me." And then he did this with his hand ... he did that for a little while, a few days. Because I lived very close to him, I came by a lot. And finally, I think it was four weeks later, I did it to him, too. And two weeks later we had complete sex, almost every day we had sex, every day that I came. Now I do it every day, because I'm back at home again. Just about every day, but also sometimes not.

If you had to say who it was that began with the sex, that first time, who would that be, in your opinion?

Who started it that first time? He, of course. I had no idea what sex was. Well, yes, I knew what sex was, but not that.

Not through having done it yourself?

No.

What do you think about that, knowing all about it now?

Well, I knew about it when I was ten [i.e. several months ago—Ed.].

How does it happen now, when you have sex together?

We just have a little sex, afterwards we usually go to sleep, take a little nap.

Can you say who begins it now, when you have sex?

It's always both of us, sometimes me, yes, mostly me. And he, too, a lot.

Can you say how you go about it, when it's you that starts it?

I come up close to him and say, "I've got to tell you something." Well, if anyone knew what "that" was ... that's what he always thinks ... but I don't think everybody knows.

And then you go to the bedroom?

Yes, but a lot of kids know, and then they say, "Oh, that again! Just hurry up and come!"

Has much changed since you first had sex with Joop?

A lot. We didn't used to do it together. I didn't used to know much about him and now I know almost everything. And then I didn't have much contact with him, but now a great deal. And it wasn't really sex with him that I had that first time.

Do some people know that you have sex with Joop?

Yes, other people who visit here in the house.

What to these people think about it?

They just don't say anything about it.

And your mother?

She may not even know. She really knows, but I just say that it isn't true. But I still come visit Joop.

So you really are lying a bit to your mother?

Of course. I'm not going to be kept away from him.

Why not?

Just, well, because . . .

How do you think your mother would feel if she knew you had sex with Joop?

She'd think it was dirty, I guess. A man and a boy she would think is not normal, it just shouldn't happen. That's what she says.

What do you think about the way she feels?

Absolutely stupid, although I wouldn't tell her it was absolutely stupid. I mean, what business is it of hers? It's my own business what I do.

Are there also friends of your own age who know?

Yes, school friends know about it, because they gossip about me. Something like half my school knows about it. They call me "poot" and so on.

So they call you "poot" to your face?

No, I don't let on that I know they call me those names. I say nothing. I'm not stupid.

The boys also think it's dirty?

Well, I don't know. It could be, otherwise they're just not doing it, or they could think it's dirty.

What do you yourself think about your having sex with Joop?

Just very nice.

For you, then, it's no problem?

Just like a woman going to bed with a man; to me it's the same. And the feelings you get and all.

❖ Translated from an appendix to Theo Sandfort's publication, *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties* (*Experiences of Boys in Pedophile Relations*), published by the Sociological Institute, State University, Utrecht, 1982.

Friendship & Fun

He Listens to Me, Unlike Most People

I'm writing in response to your request for letters from boys about our experiences with men. I am a 16-year-old black high school student from Queens. I haven't had that much experience with men, but I've had good relationships with two in particular. One of them is very close to me. We've known each other since I was 10 years old. He is a schoolteacher who lives out of town, but he comes to visit frequently. He is a good friend. We can relate to each other because he listens to me, unlike most people. Whenever I need to talk, I can always call him, because he understands me and always lends an open ear to my problems.

Recently, I've met another gay man, who is in his late thirties. I've grown to like him a lot also. He's very interested in politics, and he inspires me because he has so much energy, puts so much into his activities, and still finds time for his friends.

Robert
New York



Sex Is Really Beautiful with My Friend

I hear you are looking for true experiences between men and boys. Well, I met this guy who is 36 years old while playing Little League baseball last summer, when I was 12 years old. I don't know how to say this, but it was me who wanted to have sex with him first, and now we do it every weekend and it's fantastic. I know it goes beyond sex because I love him like a father, and all I know is that sex doesn't have to be dirty or wrong. It's really beautiful with my friend. Hope this helps you. You can use my name and address. It's O.K.

Dennis
New Jersey



The Beach

When I think of the beach
 I think of sand down my suit
 I think of hard-ons pushing
 in the sand as the waves
 tickle my legs and butt.

When I think of the beach
 I know you are watching me
 trying to guess how big it is
 or how old I am.

When I think of the beach
 I think of bar-b-ques and
 brews. Reefer too.

When I think of the beach
 I think of you
 You washing the sand from me
 as we make love in the showers
 hoping no one catches us —
 Oh — by the way I'm 13.

Luis Miguelito de Argentina

♦ NAMBLA *Bulletin*, vol. 11, no. 1 (January/February 1990), p. 18.

*De la Boca Chiquito**"Little Mouth" Speaks Loud and Clear*

by Luis Miguelito de Argentina

My name is Luis — I am 13 and will be 14 next year. I know about your club from a man friend I know. I stole a copy of the *Bulletin* from him — he had about 14 or 15 different ones. Maybe I can write something for your magazine — I like to write stories true and false. I can tell stories about Argentina, where I was born, and about street life. I ran away before and hustled, sometimes still too. I have cum since I was about 10 1/2 and have been active since. I love boys but I LOVE MEN. I have a lot of sex with both. And can write about it.

Just about me — so you know.

I was born in Argentina in 1976 — my parents were poor and we lived in a place called Cordoba. When I was 6 we moved to NYC because my father was working for his family. He was opening a drug spot in New York. Well — he was killed when I was 8. And in the course I got shot in the chest. The bullet hit my rib and stopped — and my father died. My whole life changed around after this. My mother spoke no English and we had a hard time. My mother would have a lot of different boyfriends. Some boyfriends would like me too. I have messed around with other boys since I was 5 or 6 in my country and always even picked my friends by if they made me feel sexy. I had a lot of sex by the time I was 11 and was already able to cum.

I love to have a man who can make me feel special and respect me for who I am and respect my opinion and my choices. I always have 2 lovers, a boy and a man. I am 13 and I love sex and I hate girls for sex — and knew it since I was 5. I have been with every boy or man I ever wanted. I guess I am spoiled. But I love life!

More about me: Like I say — We live in Washington Heights, we lived here for all different times after my Daddy got shot. We lived in the Martinique Hotel on 32nd Street and then I learned about sex for \$. But always safe and picky. (Don't get mad.)

Our building is from the 1890s. My gramma lived here for about 30 years. You can hear rats behind the wall. It is drug-infested — the neighborhood. But our building is OK, no crack or coke, only reefer on the 4th floor. Sometimes no heat or hot water, which sucks — I hate to be poor. Maybe someday I'll be a famous writer. I love music a lot. Rap music and Salsa. I cook a lot and help the super sometimes 'cause I like to build stuff. I like to draw too.

School! I hate school. I can't sit still — it is boring. I only like gym. I had a teacher who used to flirt with me and stuff too. I don't go to school also (please don't get mad) because I left a group home to stay with *mi abuela*. My mother use to take needles and smoke crack too and she died in May just before my birthday. I haven't been to school for a long time. I miss it a little — but up here — a lot of kids don't go to school.

I read and go to library for my education. Also — I had a lot of bad time at school. Specially since I don't like girls. And people talk when the teacher spends special attention to me and drives me home and shit.

What do I do? Well, — I read, go to library, hang with some friends, shop for my family, pack bags at the market, play Nintendo (I got 32 games), jerk off (a lot), go to the roof, smoke reefer (don't get mad, but I want to tell you all the truth about me). I sex a lot with my friends, cousins, boyfriends, man friends. I keep busy. I like sex — sometimes too much. I'm always catching hardons looking at boys' asses and men's bulges.

Such a Relationship Is Very Beneficial

I first met my friend when I was 10 years old. He was a friend of my family and enjoyed their company differently than mine, but also the same way. He enjoyed all of our company as friends, but also with me as a sexual partner.

He casually persuaded me into having sex with him. He didn't force me into it, and was very caring with my feelings and capabilities.

He would answer my questions about sex, both homosexual and heterosexual, and always gave me very truthful and complete answers to them. Not only was he a sexual partner, but a great friend, and acted like a father to me. He took me on several trips (skiing, caving, seeing the country), and I don't think it was because of the sexual attraction, but that he really cared for me.

I enjoyed having sex with him, partly to please him for all he did for me, but also because I enjoyed it. This contact with him opened my eyes to more than just sex with women, and gave me a more in-depth outlook on sex than most people have.

I think such a relationship with this kind of person, for both guys and girls, is very beneficial.

I am now 19 and am heterosexual, but if the chance arose, I wouldn't be afraid to have a sexual encounter with a guy. I still enjoy his company when I see him, with occasional encounters, but enjoy being with him just because I like his company.

I agree that it would be hard to distinguish between molesting and genuine caring, but it should not immediately be classified as rape. People like these are very different from a brutal type person, and should be able to care for someone they do.

Dan



"Air Guitar"

I'm a 14- (well, almost 14) year-old boy. I recently found out about you from my cousin, R. I was visiting him in Pennsylvania. He found out about you through his basketball coach. His coach loves him and has sucked him off a few times. He even slept over one night. Said they hugged and kissed and stuff all night long. He wouldn't tell me what all "the stuff" was but he did show me about sucking off. Wow! It was great! I couldn't wait to do it to him. I told him I thought he was lucky to have such a neat basketball coach. Anyhow, before I left, they were nice enough to give me a few copies of your magazine to look at and read.

I'm back home now and I can't stop thinking about R. and his coach. I can see them together laughing and having fun all naked and everything and I'm here all alone with only me to pull my pud. That's why I drew the picture I sent along, in order to keep me company. I don't know, maybe it's too sexy for you to print. I haven't seen any pictures like it in your magazine. I want to tell the readers (if you print this letter at least) that it's a picture of another 14-year-old boy getting off on jerking his erect dick. I call it "Air Guitar" because it looks like he's playing guitar but he's holding his dick instead. It's the first picture I've tried to draw probably since I was ten. Pretty good, huh? I want to try to take art classes in high school next year. It's supposed to be a boy I know from the rock band I play in. I play keyboards and sing. He's the lead guitarist. He doesn't know I like him so much and I'm scared to tell him. I like girls some, too, but I really like Eric and I wish I could tell him about what we do in my fantasies. What I want most, though, is a man like R. has. Until R. told me about his coach over the Christmas holidays I never knew men did that with boys — I mean in the way THEY do it. I thought all men who liked boys were supposed to be perverted and mean and stuff. R. says he couldn't be happier now that he has Mr. (I guess I should make up a name) "coach."

My question is, how do I meet a man? I thought about hitchhiking and dropping hints if I got picked up, but that's too scary. I don't want to get raped. I want someone who's nice and loving to me. I thought of Big Brothers but I've got a father (but he's always working) and besides I don't think there's one of their organizations here anyhow. At least I can't find them in the phone book. Sometimes at the local pool in the locker rooms I try to, you know, be a little seductive, show off my naked body some, but all the men get nervous and red in the face and turn away—especially once when I was getting an erection looking at their naked bodies.

Then I look at your magazine and realize there must be a bunch of men out there who want to love me and teach me more about sex. But I sit here alone with my hand in my pants feeling my balls all alone. I know it's stupid but I'm even crying right now. I don't know why I have such strong feelings about all of this. I guess telling you all in a letter isn't enough. I thought it might help. What I really want is to tell one of you while you hold me and kiss me; but I'm too scared to even sign my whole name—scared some social worker might hunt me down and tell me I'm perverted. Well, I'm not. Please print my letter if you can.

Sincerely,

Anton

Man, What a Feeling!

I am 14 years old, grew up in the Bronx, New York, and have been hustling my buns since I was nine years old.

Boy-lovers have always been nice to me. It is the straight dudes who are married that have a royal freak-out after they have sex with a boy, and then they treat you like shit.

I travel all over with my new lover. He took me to California in January, and we got to go to all the beaches. My parents don't give a shit about me—never have—but they like the money that I send home.

Sure I love the sex part, and it is usually me who gets it started. We just enjoy jacking each other off—or I will lay on top of him so he can get his dick under my balls, and we hump like crazy. Man, what a feeling! We always practice safe sex. I sometimes can't get enough sex, so we are always sexing it up. I like to suck my lover's dick until he comes, but not in my mouth. I catch his cum in my hand and make him jack me off with it. Boy-lovers, keep on loving us young dudes.

Eric
California



Because I Enjoy It Interview with Theo (13 years, 9 months)

What do you do a lot?

Play football!

Are you in a club?

Yes, and that's real nice.

Can you tell me why you like football?

Playing together, working together. If you have a good eleven, then you feel great. If not, you just keep on trying because if you don't they'll say you can't do anything right. I think it's really nice when you have a good eleven.

Are there other things you do a lot?

Oh, well, I don't know.

What do you enjoy a lot?

Playing tricks on people. Tying up bicycle wheels and so on; that's lots of fun. Then they can't bicycle away. So then we stop and watch and you see them do all kinds of stupid things to get it loose. Or tie a cat up by his tail; we tried that once, but I got scratched good!

By the cat? I don't blame him. Why do you enjoy playing tricks on people so much?

I don't know; they act so crazy when it happens. And I like puttering around with things. I like fiddling with things. Two times I've built a toy car from a kit. I enjoy doing that.

Do you build other kits?

Yes, I used to make Christmas tree ornaments.

Are there other important things you enjoy?

No.

What do you really dislike?

Doing the dishes, or hauling back shopping; that I don't like much.

Do you have to do that a lot?

Yes, every evening my brother and I have that job. One evening one of us washes; the other dries. We eat late, because my father and mother work late, until around six o'clock. So we do the dishes while the good TV programs are on.

So you can't watch the TV?

Yes, so we miss the best ones. But the guy who washes has the best deal because he's finished first.

And shopping?

I have to do that alone, because my little brother always drops the bottles when he takes them out of the refrigerator. So I have to do the shopping.

Your mother and father can't do it because they work so late?

Yes, but my mother's always off on Fridays.

Are there other things that you really dislike?

No, I think it's fine at school.

What do you think about a lot?

I think a lot about school, about arithmetic and so on.

What class are you in?

First form in technical school.

Are there other things you think about a lot?

Yes, about nuclear war and so forth. That seems to me so horrible. Like in Harrisburg, when there was an accident; what then would follow if that really happened on a large scale. It started me thinking. The consequences of nuclear war. One bomb like that over the Netherlands and everyone's dead.

Are there other things that you think about a lot?

Well, no.

Who do you get along well with?

With Bert. [The older partner—T.S.]

How long have you known Bert?

Three months. And I get along well with mother and dad, too.

Why do you think it is you get along so well with Bert?

He has a better understanding of kids, of boys. My mother does too, and so

does my father, but Bert knows more about them, I think.

You say you can also get along very well with your father and mother?

Yes, because when something happens, if you get in a jam or something, you don't have to worry, you can always tell them about it, and then they'll help you.

Because they're not strict.

Well, strict . . . Yes, they are strict, because I fight with my little brother quite a bit. Then my father asks who started it, and the one that did gets punished. My father can see it on our faces.

And your mother?

Yes, she always catches you. One time my brother said we needed money for photos, two guilders, and she trapped us. She gave him two guilders, but he just spent it on candy. But she caught on, and from then on she wanted a note. So we can't trick her any longer, or we have to forge a note the following time.

Shall we write down your parents?

Yes, my parents, because you can always bring your problems to them.

Are there also people you can't get along with?

My little brother.

Why's that?

Oh, he's always pestering me, and then I hit him and I'm to blame. And then I get punished.

And so you dislike him?

Well, dislike, no. But once in a while I do. Sometimes he is nice, and then he helps you, but the next minute he is pestering you.

But you do dislike him.

Yes.

And what is the biggest reason?

If he's won at football, which they usually do, then he sits around teasing me because we've lost. And he's for Ajax [an important Dutch football team—Ed] and I'm for Feijenoord. But if Ajax loses to Feijenoord, then I tease him.

Should we put down your little brother?

Yes, my pestering brother, my bratty little brother.

He is younger than you?

Yes, I am thirteen; he is ten.

Are there other people you just can't get along with?

No.

You also make love with Bert, don't you?

Yes.

Some people call that sex or sexual contact. What do you, or you and Bert, call it?

Making love.

We have to make sure we mean the same thing, because making love can be two things, can't it? If you sit on someone's lap, you can call that making love, but making

love in bed is, of course, something quite different, and that's what you mean now, isn't it? [The Dutch word *vrijen*, more than the English expression *making love*, can and frequently in reference to young children, does refer to cuddling, caressing and other physical but non-sexual expressions of affection — Ed.]

Yes.

Most things have pleasant and unpleasant sides. If you now think about making love with Bert, what are the pleasant sides.

Yes . . . Well, I don't know.

Let's put it another way; why do you do it?

Well, because I enjoy it.

Then that's a pleasant side?

Yes.

You think it's nice?

Yes, I think it's real nice.

And unpleasant sides. What do you find are the unpleasant sides to making love with Bert?

Well, he prickles so bad.

He prickles?

Yes, here, he's all stubbly, and then he shaves. The stubble prickles so bad.

Shall we write that down?

Yes, Old Porcupine!

Are there other unpleasant sides to making love with Bert? You think it's very nice, but are there maybe some reasons why you'd rather not do it?

Yes, later, when I'm bigger; I'd rather not do it. Then I'll have a girl or something.

But it doesn't bother you now?

No.

Nothing that makes you think you'd rather not do it?

No, absolutely nothing.

Then I want to ask you whether once in a while you have sex or make love with others, with boys or girls or with older people?

No. Yes, with Richard [another boy-lover—Ed.] once in a while.

You have done it with him?

Yes. It was through him that I got to know Bert.

You came here with Richard once?

Yes.

But you don't do it with him anymore.

No.

You say that fairly often you have the feeling of being afraid in connection with sex with Bert. Can you tell me about that?

If I forget myself and say something to somebody, and he spreads it around,

that I'm afraid of.

Why are you afraid of that?

Because if people know about it you'll get a bad name.

You say that quite often you feel embarrassed.

Yes, at first I was real embarrassed, when I wasn't used to it.

Do you still have that feeling?

Yes, but not so bad as in the beginning.

You say that sometimes you feel naughty. Can you tell me about that?

Ah, yes, I feel naughty sometimes, yes. Because I do it and nobody really knows about it, my mother and so on.

But why do you feel naughty then? I sometimes do things which nobody knows about, too.

Well, because you don't really, uh . . . Normal kids just don't do that. That's the way you think.

You say that you almost never get angry. But you have felt that way occasionally.

Yes.

Can you say something about that when it happens?

I'm ashamed of it or something.

And that makes you a bit angry?

Yes, that I'd be ashamed of it if somebody got to know about it.

Do you think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, or not?

Yes, if somebody else knew about it.

But if nobody else knew about it, do you think it's something you should be ashamed of yourself?

No, I don't think so, no.

So, just if other people got to know about it?

Yes.

You say that you sometimes badger Bert. Can you tell me more about that?

Well, let's say he wants to suck me off or something, and I say it hurts, then I'm tricking him.

Because it doesn't really hurt?

No.

You also said you sometimes coerced him when you were making love.

Yes. He'll say, "Come on; we're going to bed," and I'll go watch TV or something, and then he'll turn the TV off. And I'll say, "If there's no TV I'll go sleep by myself," and then I get to watch TV a little longer.

How long have you known Bert?

Since summer vacation.

So about four months.

Yes.

Do you remember how you got to know Bert?

Yes. I went one time with Richard to the cinema and swimming, and then

I met Bert. I thought that was nice, and then I went with him. Because René, who was with Richard, was being obnoxious. He used a whole lot of sugar in his tea so nobody else had any. He was only thinking of himself. Then I went to Bert's. It was nicer there.

Did you go by yourself to Bert's?

No. Richard had said, "You can also visit Bert if you want." Then one time I slept at Bert's, and I liked that a lot. Then I stayed with Bert — it's better than with Richard.

So you really got to know Bert through Richard?

Yes.

Can you remember the first time you had sex with Bert?

No, because I was asleep.

That was the first time you slept here?

Yes, and then he touched me.

Were you awake then?

Yes, but I didn't think it was so bad; I thought it was nice.

Had you had sex a few times before with Richard?

Yes.

So you knew something about it already. Do you find it difficult to talk about this?

Well, maybe a little.

It doesn't make any difference to me what you say. I don't think it is dirty or anything, not strange. When you have sex with each other now, how does it happen?

Well, just as it always does.

Who starts it?

Bert or me.

Can you tell me more about it?

Well, I just think it's nice, so I go make love with him.

Are there people who know you have sex with Bert?

My father and mother know about it.

What do they think about it?

Well, that it's normal. If you have a girl, that's completely normal. Because this person can't do without a girl, that man without a boy, and a third without another man. Yes, they just think it's normal.

They think it's all the same?

Yes.

What do you think about that attitude of theirs?

I think it's very good. Because some people would like to murder all homosexuals and pedophiles because they aren't normal, but not my father and mother.

How do you react to that?

I think they're right.

Your school friends, do they know you have sex with Bert?

No.

What would they think about it if they did know, do you think?

Well, they would all think I was a homo or something. Now, that's just not true. Yes, they'd call you names.

That's an insult.

Yes.

Why would your friends be so much against it?

I wouldn't know. Maybe they'd be jealous.

That they themselves would like to have what you have?

Yes, that could be it.

What do you think about their rejecting this? Do you agree with them?

No. They know nothing about it.

In other words, if they did know about it, maybe they'd think differently about it?

Yes, perhaps if they knew more about it. Now they're talking rubbish.

What do you really think yourself about your having sex with Bert?

I think it's very nice, but I also want to do it with a girl.

Would that make any difference for you, or would you say that right now I just don't know exactly?

I don't know. I've never yet done it with a girl.

But you would like to?

You bet!

But it doesn't have to be right away?

No. It will happen.

Meantime this is nice?

Yes.

♦ Translated from an appendix to Theo Sandfort's publication, *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties* (*Experiences of Boys in Pedophile Relations*), published by the Sociological Institute, State University, Utrecht, 1982.

Respect & Support

If It Wasn't for Mark I'd Probably Be Dead Today

I am a 14-year-old boy involved sexually with an older guy I happen to love very much. I am sick and tired of listening to all these stories of boy-lovers and how perverted and sick they are. Well, if it wasn't for my older friend Mark, I would probably be dead by now.

When I was 11 years old, my parents started to drink real heavy, and instead of buying food they bought a lot of booze. They were fighting all the time, and my dad always hit me for not cleaning the house. One night I was looking at this horror movie on television and I got scared, so I went over to where he was sitting and said, "Dad, can I sit with you?" Well, he called me a little faggot and then took the belt to me. He hit me extra hard that night because the belt buckle hit me in the lip and I had to have 8 stitches. (Dad told the hospital doctor I was in a fight with another kid.)

When I turned 12, things really got pretty bad, because my mother took my little sister and ran away. I was now all alone at home with my dad. He got fired from his truck-driving job for drinking, and he took out all his hatred on me. One night I stayed at the local library a little later finishing my homework, and when I got home my dad was drunk and punched me in the face and threw me out of the house. I guess a neighbor called the police because they came and locked him up and took me to a children's shelter.

I was only there for a short time, because it was there when I met Mark, who was my youth caseworker. He was always so nice and gentle with me. For the first time I was being treated like a human being. Mark asked me if I would like to spend the Christmas holidays with him, and I jumped at the opportunity. All during that period, Mark treated me like his son, taking me to the movies, ice-skating, football games, and watching television together. The last night together was very sad because Mark explained I was going to be moved to a special school for boys who didn't have any parents or relatives.

Well, Mark hugged me that night and I could tell he was crying too. I told him that night I loved him and wanted to remain with him forever.

I had to go back to the shelter, but a few weeks later I had to go to this big courtroom, and I saw Mark sitting there smiling. The judge asked me if I would like to live with Mark for good. I was so happy I cried.

Well, I was now 13 years old, and like most other guys was jerking off every chance I could. Mark surprised me one night and walked into my room while I had my penis in my hand. I was scared he would send me back to the shelter, but instead he smiled and sat down on the bed and talked to me. That night he took me in his arms and gently masturbated me to my first orgasm. He held me tight afterwards and it was the most thrilling experience of my entire life.

I know Mark is a boy-lover, but I also know he loves me like a son. I am now 14, and I have a girlfriend, and Mark is very excited for me. He even gives me spending money to take my girlfriend ice-skating and to the movies.

Well, Mark gets these Bulletins from the NAMBLA, and he is a member. I often look at these and other boy-love material, and I get sick when I read about how some people treat guys who love boys.

Without guys like Mark, I would probably be dead today, because without someone to love me—well, life wouldn't be worth living. I am the luckiest and happiest kid today because of boy-lovers like Mark.

No one told me to write this letter, and everything I wrote is the complete truth. Maybe others can learn from my experience that boy-lovers are indeed the real men of our society. Thank you for reading this, and you can print it, if you like.

A very proud 14 year old

Carl

New Jersey



Loneliness

Loneliness is to exist as one

Never to experience lasting friendship,

Never to fall in love. Only to feel the

Neglect and

Emptiness of being a soloist in the

Symphony of life

Happiness

MARK

1967/1980

♦ NAMBLA *Bulletin*, vol. 3, no. 2/3 (March/April 1982), p. 4.

He Makes Me Glad I'm Gay

My name is Ed and I am 14 years old. I ain't too good at letter typing, but will try to do my best at writing this letter to you. I come from a part of New Jersey call Camden, and it is a pretty poor part of the city. During the week-

ends and during the summer months, most of us guys earn spending money by letting older guys mess around with us. Well, I got to the point where I really liked what the men were doing to me, and I know now that I am gay. I really don't mess around with just men, but I have sex with other guys my age, and I really dig it a lot. We suck each other's cocks, fuck each other up the butt, and jerk off all the time. Well, when my mom found out I mess around with other boys, she kicked me out of the house, so I ran away to Philadelphia, where I know all the spots where men pick up young kids. At first, I let any man pick me up, because I really wanted to be hugged and kissed by a man. Sometimes I don't want to have sex, just have a man kiss and hug me (is that weird?).

One night this nice-looking guy picked me up and took me to his place. He was really nice to me, and just wanted to hug and kiss me. He cleaned me up and gave me some new clothes to wear, and we hugged and kissed more, and I was really wanting him to have sex with me because he could tell my dick was really hard. He finally took me to bed and gave me a great blow job and put his dick between my legs and humped me for a long time. He was gentle with me and treated me like his own son, I think. My mom knows all about him now, and it is O.K. with her because he treats me so good and is keeping me out of trouble. Sometimes I don't even want him to give me money. He knows I am gay and that I just want him to kiss and hug me. I need a lot of sex, like I am jerking off five or six times a day, but when I am with him he knows what I want, and I am happy as ever in his arms. He makes sex seem so good and wonderful that I am glad I am gay.

This letter looks like shit, but I will send it in anyhow, because my older friend wants me to send it to you, because you need information about boys having sex with older guys. I think it's great and it can do no harm to the boy. I already knew I was gay before I met him, so it only made me feel better about being gay, and now I have someone to care for me and love just me for what I am. Does this make any sense to you? You can change this around to sound better. O.K.? Use my name, please.

Ed
Philadelphia



THE POLITICS OF AGEISM: A Statement to the Lesbian and Gay Community

By Michael Alhonte

Abstract:

Ageism is a topic which many individuals in the Lesbian and Gay community have given little or no attention to. As gay youth, we feel that it is necessary to raise consciousness on this subject in order to avoid conflicts which may arise out of ageist attitudes. In this article we attempt to define ageism and show how it manifests itself within the community. We point out also how ageist behavior threatens the efficiency of the community as a whole, and provide suggestions as to how concerned individuals can rid themselves of their ageism.

The specter of ageism haunts large segments of the community. Ageist attitudes and actions are so commonplace and so accepted that the major difficulty in combating this problem is simply convincing people that there is a problem. It is ironic that the very same people who are swamped in ageist attitudes are usually those who fight most vocally against racism and sexism. Perhaps it is merely symptomatic of the depth of their ageism that they do not even recognize our complaints as valid.

But what exactly is ageism? Simply stated, people are guilty of ageism when they:

- a) ignore a person's ideas or contributions simply because of that contributing person's age;
- b) fail to recognize a person's abilities due solely to his or her age;
- c) imply that a person's behavior stems directly from his or her current age.

Ageism has its own vocabulary, its own behavioral code—even its own culture. When we refer to an action as ageist, there are several levels upon which this can be so. We have heard the ageist motto, "Children should be seen and not heard." This is oppression in its purest form, but there are many more subtle manifestations of ageism. These range from the outright neglect of young people to clichéd put-downs of a young person's volunteered opinion.

When a person uses the word "childish" to describe immature behavior, (s)he is being ageist. When a department store refuses to admit people under 16 "unless accompanied by an adult," it is being ageist. When a parent speaks of "puppy love" as being cute or trivial, (s)he is being ageist. And when society refuses to try a 14-year-old as an adult, this too is ageism.

It is not surprising that ageist remarks and attitudes are plentiful in the gay community. It is surprising that the members of the community who hold these attitudes have forgotten the sufferings they themselves underwent at the hands of ageists, so soon. They have forgotten the parents, teachers, and family members who attempted to force them into the conformist mold without considering their individuality. They have forgotten the experience of having ideas you know to be correct brushed aside or given no credence. They have forgotten the experience of sitting in a restaurant and being ignored by waiters while adults receive prompt service. They have forgotten the embarrassment of being called "Junior" by an adult one-half your height. They have forgotten what it is like to be young in America.

Ageism is a unique form of oppression in that it is a) never permanent and b) fully reversible. Oppressed becomes oppressor just as surely as day becomes night. And this apes on through such socially sanctioned methods as the father's moans, "When I was your age I was already . . ." or "When I was your age I couldn't even . . ." which both imply that behavior advances in easily designated stages and no one should be permitted to act in a manner considered inappropriate to his/her supposed stage. This cyclical, self-sustaining action is what makes ageism so dangerous. When a child's ideas and feelings are suppressed or invalidated, it is very easy to replace these ideas and feelings with those which are not necessarily the child's own. After this occurs, the child is merely a tiny clone of his/her oppressor — ready to support, in thought, word, and deed, every action of that oppressor, which (s)he has been mistakenly led to believe would have been his/her own action in similar circumstances.

Another danger of ageism is the stagnation it is liable to bring to the movement. Squelch the voices of the young and you squelch new ideas, new outlooks, and new patterns of thought—those which have not been tainted by the years of hypocrisy and self-contempt which have afflicted so many who came out before Stonewall. The young are famous for our radicalism—attributed to some, ageistically of course, to our "naivete" and our "optimism." Supposedly we have not experienced enough of the world's ways to have become cynical enough to understand that "we can't change anything." This ageist doctrine merely wastes the power of youth to help change the world; whatever the source of our energy and radicalism, it still exists and should be cultivated rather than denigrated. Gay Youth of New York is a pioneer group—founded fully four months before Stonewall. Few other groups can make this claim. Even before the gay rights movement as we know it had begun, youth had already started to take a stand—to affirm their identities—to try to change the world.

I have shown to you the threat posed by ageism to the sustenance of this movement. Eliminate the young people and you eliminate any chance of a future. So how can one overcome one's unconscious ageism and raise one's consciousness? The first step is to examine one's vocabulary. Check to see if it

contains words like "child," "kid," or "baby"—when used in a pejorative way to denote unruly or immature behavior. Or phrases like "Lesbians and Gay Men," which fails to note the large gay male population under 18; like "(S)he's at that age" or "(S)he's only a kid," which attach unfair behavioral judgments to certain age levels; or "You're old enough to know better," which implies that knowledge and age must always grow in direct proportion to one another.

Many who hear about ageism dismiss it simply as another attempt by "those young whippersnappers" to bully adults into letting them run about wild and do whatever they want. What these people fail to acknowledge is that the whole point of any kind of liberation movement is for its participants to gain the freedom to do "whatever they want." Youth liberation is no different in this respect from Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation, Third World Liberation, or any liberation movement. To dismiss youth as unworthy of this freedom because "they're just kids" is of course in itself the height (or should one say the nadir) of ageist acts.

This article deals with ageism against youth. But let us not forget that there is equal ageism directed against the elderly. Charges of senility or similar excuses are often used to suppress the voices of our older generations. American society sloughs senior citizens off like dead skin—funneling them into nursing homes or hospitals where they sit and collect dust. No one seems to understand that old age is an inevitability—and that once one realizes the rage and frustration of being cast from the society one has served for so long, it will be too late.

The conquest of ageism should be an important goal of the present-day Gay movement. Young people are some of the most involved, dedicated, vocal, and efficient people currently active in the community. We, who work equally hard towards liberation for all as any adult, should not be subjected to the indignities of oppression by those people who would deny our efforts. So we will not take the seat in the back of the bus so many would prefer to see us in. We will not idly listen while decisions are made concerning us without our consultation. We will not allow ourselves to be overlooked, overpowered, or ridiculed. We will not continue to internalize the ageist propaganda fed to us by parents and teachers. We will not agree blindly to anything told us merely because the person telling us is three times our age. **WE WILL BE HEARD!!!!**

(Michael Alhonte is 18 and a member of Gay Youth of New York.)

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 4, no. 3 (April 1983), p. 8.

I've Learned So Much from Barend

Interview with Gerrit

(16 years)

What do you do a lot?

I'm very occupied with myself, developing myself and so on. Right now I'm busy at school, studying to be a waiter. That's what I want to be. I also make sketches, about repression and that sort of thing. I spend a lot of time on that, too.

You said that you were occupied with yourself, developing yourself. Can you say any more about that?

Well, getting along in society in my own way; not just as everyone else does it but in my own way. I'm still trying to do that. For example, my parents think very differently than I do, and I try to free myself of their thinking and build up my own thoughts. So, not just accept what people say but develop myself.

Why do you want to do that?

Because I just don't agree with my parents now, the things they say. And often not with most other people, either. So I want to develop my own thoughts—I think that's important for me. At home I often have completely different ideas from my parents. If they say I should try going with a girl once in a while I'll tell them I just don't want to, because a girlfriend would get all involved in my life, and I would no longer be free. They would like that, but not me. So I just have to go my own way.

The second thing you were occupied with was school?

Yes, I'm in the restaurant training program. It's the first time I've ever enjoyed going to school: I had to repeat two grades in junior high and two grades in technical school.

Did you choose that school yourself?

Yes, I did. I always wanted to be a waiter. I've always thought that was a good job. Contact with people, yes. I think it's nice to be a waiter. My parents first made me go to MAVO, and I was two years in the first form; then I went to LTS, and I was two years in the second form, and finally I went to this school, which suits me fine.

Have you already been able to work as a waiter?

No. They have tried to find work for me—now and then I must have a period of probation.

Those are the two most important preoccupations of yours?

Yes, they are. And I'm occupied with painting and sketching, and trying to sort out my own thoughts.

What do you enjoy a lot?

Just put down living my own life. I can't do that at home, but at Barend's I really can. I get a chance to develop my own thoughts. Also sketching. I get a lot of enjoyment out of that; it's lots of fun to do. And I'm learning a lot about

it. Barend often helps me; if I've just made a sketch he'll tell me what isn't good. Because Barend can also sketch well. And then you improve it, you learn how to get the best results. And, yes, in my spare time I sometimes go out in the country, to enjoy nature. I often do that all alone. I planned to buy a camera and take nature photos and try to develop them myself. I'm taking lessons at school in darkroom techniques. I live in the city, houses all around you, so recently I've been going a lot into the out-of-doors, because I think it's very lovely there. Someday I hope to have a little house in the country. Yes, try to live completely free from this society.

What do you mean by free?

Well, you can never really be free from society, because you still have to work in order to stay alive. But I mean you don't just have to let society blow you this way and that; you can express your own feelings and not do like everybody else, buy a lot of stuff. You can live simply. Yes, a waiter, that's also living simply; it's not as if you can buy everything you see.

What do you really dislike?

Over-made-up girls that are always on the street showing off. I dislike that so much. At the restaurant school there are 13 girls and two boys in my class—they are absolutely awful to look at—thick makeup, which isn't necessary. And they're so serious in class, and if you say anything about it they always have a comeback; they always know better.

Are there other things you really dislike?

When grown-ups talk with each other and I don't agree with them. I have to keep quiet, because I'm not like adults. I'm young. That really gets to me, that I can't say what I think. Those grown-ups are always right. I want to be able to express my opinions. I don't care that I can't talk with grown-ups, but if they're going to say that boys have got to get married later and go to work so they can take care of their families, then I say, "Well, that's not necessary at all, because who says we're going to get married?" But I have to keep quiet, because they know better. You've got to get married later; otherwise, you're not healthy, they say. Well, I don't like that. You can almost never say what you think. Grown-ups go to the polls, to vote in the government elections, but we can't do that; we have to wait until we're 18; then they think we're adult enough to vote. All right, you can say what you think—if it's something they'd agree with!

What do you think a lot about?

Well, that's difficult. I think a lot about what's going to happen, the future.

Do you really worry about that, or not?

Worry, no, but I think about what it's going to be like later, how I'll be living.

Who do you get along well with?

That's an easy question. With Barend. And with almost nobody else. I don't get along so well with my parents, because they're always right. I think it's just wonderful that I can visit Barend, and so we get on just fine. Because

he thinks somewhat along the same lines I do. If I'd never met Barend my whole life would have been different. I'd probably be working in a factory or something. I've learned so much from Barend, but never by "you must accept this from me" —he's never done that. He *has* told me what society thinks about things, and if I don't agree, then I can always say so. But most of the things he says I agree with. He has not influenced me, but he has helped me to think. You can't develop your own thoughts as a child if your parents say, "This is good and that is good, so just accept it." If you hear both sides, then you can decide which side is the right one. You discover for yourself what's right and what's wrong.

Are there other people you can get along well with?

Yes, a friend of Barend whom I see here now and then—I can get along good with him. And neighborhood friends I go around with sometimes.

Who don't you get along very well with?

There are lots. My parents, teachers at school—they always know better. But at this new school it's completely different. They treat you as though you were an independent person. So I can decide for myself at school, for example, if I'm sick I don't have to bring a letter from my parents. I think that's fine, because if you want to play hooky for a day you can write your own letter, but it'll catch up with you, like at exam time. Yes, and with my parents I don't get along so good, but sometimes I do. They have completely different ideas from me. But I'm not home much during the week. I get on O.K. with my little brother, but not with my older brother. He always gets his own way, and he always knows everything better than you: an unsympathetic person. If he has to take charge at home because my parents have gone out, then he says to my little brothers, "Bring me a beer from the shed; roll me a cigarette; pick up my shoes," that sort of thing. He also had an affair with Barend, and that was lousy. And whenever he brings a friend home, or his girl, I get a lot of lip out of him; he struts about in the room thinking, "I'm the biggest man in the house." He does that a lot, but I don't take much notice. But one time I got so mad I got in a fight with him—I didn't know what I was doing. Then he had a bloody nose and a tooth through his lip—and that really shocked me.

Are there still things of importance which I have forgotten to ask which should be written down?

Yes, there should be laws for children that change everything so children will be able to say what they think about society. To me that's very important. That children don't just have to do things for other people, do the shopping, do the dishes, and if you're not so good in school, then you get punished, then you're in trouble too. All of this has got to be stopped. Laws have to be passed so children themselves can decide about themselves.

You also make love with Barend?

Yes.

Some people call that sex, or sexual contact. What do you call it?

Well, chiefly "sex." But it's showing your feelings, that you really like him, and it doesn't have to be just sex.

What do you think are the nice sides of sex with Barend, which you wouldn't want to do without?

I think it's great doing these things with Barend, because I'm very fond of him, and, for me, it feels so nice, too. There just aren't any bad sides. I think it's just wonderful to do.

You say there aren't any unpleasant sides to it?

No. But my parents are always pestering me with, "What are you always doing with Barend?" That's annoying. And back when I was in LTS some boys saw me with Barend and shouted, "Look, two homos!" That was really annoying, but in the long run I had no more trouble.

And your father and mother trouble you about it?

Yes, they've often pestered me with, "What are you up to with Barend? Is it really responsible?" Usually I just say a few words, like I enjoy going there. When I come home in the evening it is always, "What did you do today with Barend?" So I say I have sketched. That is the unpleasant side of my relationship with Barend, that all these people pester you, but the sex is not unpleasant, just the trouble people make, at school, aunts, uncles — "What is that boy doing over there?" — that sort of thing goes all through the family. I couldn't care less. It used to annoy me, but now I don't let it. I used to worry about it a lot, and one evening I even thought, "I'm going to break off my friendship with Barend," but I finally chose for Barend.

Do you sometimes have sex with other people, other boys, girls or grown-ups?
No.

How long have you known Barend?

Four years from last summer.

Do you remember how you met him?

My little brother and I had gone swimming in the pond. He was nine then, and he already smoked, and so did I. Then Barend came riding by in a Duck [Dutch nickname for the low-price Citroen 2CV motor car—Ed] and stopped in the parking lot. I told my brother, "Ask that man for a cigarette — he smokes." So my brother went up to him and said, "Do you have the time, Mister?" "Five-thirty." "And would you maybe give me a cigarette?" Barend said, "How old are you?" "I'm fourteen," said my little brother. Well, after a lot of haggling my brother got a cigarette, and me, too, and then we went walking with him. No, my brother didn't get a cigarette, but I did, because I was older. So we walked with him, and then we sat with him beside the water and talked. He said he had a boat, and we asked him if sometimes we could go on little trips with him. So then we did go with him, with my parents, too. My father thought Barend was real nice, quite the gentleman and so on. And after that

I didn't see Barend for a half-year.

How did you happen to see him again, after a half-year?

Well, it was vacation and I had nothing to do, and one day I said to my friend, "Hey, let's go somewhere on our bikes—I know about this boat and we can make a little trip." So we got there, but Barend wasn't around. His boat was, though. Then I asked the bartender in the café if he knew his address. He didn't, nor did he know his telephone number. So we looked in the telephone book, but in the end we had to give it up. A few days later, I bicycled there again, with another friend, and this time I met Barend. He was cleaning up his boat, and we helped him, but my friend had to go home, to eat, but his bike tire had gone flat on the way, so Barend put the bike in his car, and we drove to his home. After that I came more and more often to the boat, and after I'd done that a few times Barend started coming by my home to pick me up. After that he dropped in quite often, sometimes even ate with us. So I have been with him from then on.

Can you remember when you first had sex with Barend?

Yes, the very first time I wasn't alone. I think my brother was along.

Your younger brother?

No, my older brother. I don't let my younger brother come with me. Well, the three of us were lying here on the bed, and Barend had a sex book on the table. Well, my brother and I started to read from it, and I started to play with myself a little, that sort of thing. From then on we had sex with each other.

How long had you known each other then?

A month or two, or three—after I met him again after that half-year.

You say you and your brother were reading a sex book, and then?

Well, I think Barend began to jerk off a little, and then my brother, too.

Barend did it to himself?

Yes. At first I didn't dare, but later on it just happened, and from then on we do it to each other. That first time Barend did it a little bit to my brother but not to me. Because I was a little embarrassed, but my brother wasn't. For two years he had sex with Barend, too.

When you have sex together now, who begins it?

Well, usually I come by in the evening and then we come here and lie down on the bed, make love a little, and it just happens. Who starts it? Both of us a little, I suppose.

When you compare that first time with now, is there a difference?

Yes, a huge difference. Now I do it a lot easier and it feels a lot finer than at first. Because at first I didn't really dare, I felt embarrassed and my parents always said it was real bad and so on. So I was always thinking, "What would my parents say?" Now I am comfortable with it. Even if my parents did know, I'd be comfortable with it.

It's also nicer now than before?

Yes, much nicer, because before I did it in a lot of tension, not able to let it

flow from out of myself, so I was always tense about what they would say at home.

How did the tension go away?

Over a period of time, Barend came home with me quite a bit. He cares a lot about me, and so it just slowly disappeared. A year or so ago I still had it sometimes, but now never. I don't care if my father and mother know about it.

They don't know about it, right?

They don't know about it, but they suspect it. My mother talks about it frequently and I just say, "I care a lot about Barend and Barend cares a lot about me," and then she doesn't go into it any further.

What do you think your father and mother would think if they knew you had sex with Barend?

Well, my father and mother think it's fine that I have a home at Barend's and go there a lot. They think that's fine. So I think that if they got to know about it, they wouldn't think it was so terrible. Yes, because they think it's wonderful that I have a relationship with Barend.

But you have no need to tell them about it?

No, that would just make for more tension in the house. If I told them, they would go to Barend.

So they might think it wasn't good?

There would be tension again in the house. "You must think about the future, marry, have children." That's the way my parents think—really old-fashioned because I have no need to get married. I'm not going to work my whole life for children. Because later I just want to live free, by myself.

Do some people know you have sex with Barend?

Yes, many, all the friends of Barend and the people he knows at work; they all know.

And friends of your own age, they know about it?

No, except those that come here sometimes.

What do you think your friends who don't know would say if they learned you had sex with Barend?

Oh, they'd call you a homo or something. But I don't care, because I know they do it too, with others. I'd just let them gossip. If I'm lying on the naturist beach and those friends came along and saw me, that would circulate through the whole neighborhood. But fortunately my father is also a supporter of naturist beaches and such. My mother doesn't want to, but otherwise my father would go there too. So if I go sit on a naturist beach, my father would think it's fine.

Have you sometimes been called a homo because you associate with Barend?

Yes, in the neighborhood, especially in the beginning; if you go with a homo, that makes you a homo. After a while that got sort of annoying: "Homo, homo, homo, homo." Well, one by one, I got those boys aside and told them, "Now you just try it once," because they were mostly little boys of ten or so—

I'm pretty much the oldest, except for the real big ones, 21 or so and not yet married; they come into the neighborhood once in a while. But, well, they kept on doing it, and then I gave them a real dressing down, and from then on they've stopped.

It's a good thing the older boys didn't make trouble for you.

There's a gang, about 20 of them, that park their motorcycles by us in the little square. I don't have anything to do with those people, but they don't give me any trouble either. But if I got into a fight in the neighborhood, I'd just have to call on them, and I'd get help. I don't belong with those people, not at all. I don't concern myself with them. I give them a light when they want, walk past them, don't talk with them. I think they are terrible people, skinheads, tearing around all the roads. That's absolutely nothing for me.

What do you yourself think about having sex with Barend?

Yeah, I find it just very nice to have it with Barend. Oh, sure, before I started doing it with Barend I always thought it would be dirty—that's what my parents always said—you were unhealthy, you were sick, you had to look out for such people. Well, all those things are untrue, aren't they? No, I think it's just plain wonderful to do these things with Barend. That's what I think.

❖ Translated from an appendix to Theo Sandfort's publication, *Ervaringen van jongens in pedofiele relaties* (*Experiences of Boys in Pedophile Relations*), published by the Sociological Institute, State University, Utrecht, 1982.

Consent

Thank God for Boy-Lovers

In a 14-year-old boy who would like to speak out in favor of man-boy relationships. Like most poor-income families from the Philadelphia area, I started to hustle for spending money when I was 12 years old. Most of the kids were doing it, and they could make an easy \$20 or \$30 during the weekend.

Most of the time I would just hang around the big Art Museum until I noticed a guy looking at me. Most of the men who picked me up just wanted to have oral sex with me, or maybe have me lay on top of them. As soon as they were finished, they couldn't wait to ditch me. It was so damn cold and impersonal. My home life was terrible, as my stepmother didn't really care if I came home or not. One night I went with this guy who raped me pretty bad. He put his penis inside my rectum and made me bleed something awful. He refused to give me a dime, and said he had taught me a lesson.

I was sitting outside the Franklin Institute that night, still bleeding and scared to death, when this man about 30 years old came up to me and asked if anything was wrong. I just started to cry, and couldn't stop. He was talking very gentle to me, and he asked me right out if some crazy person tried to hurt me. Well, I guess I needed a friend because I told him everything. He drove me to his beautiful house in New Jersey, and he gave me a bath and put something inside to stop the bleeding. At first I thought he was giving me a bath so he could have sex with me, but he never tried once to grab me or anything like that. I finally asked him if he liked to have sex with boys, and he smiled and said, "Yes, but we won't talk about that now."

A week later I was back at his house watching television and playing darts down in his cellar. That night I stayed all night with him, and I felt so secure to have his arms around me. Yes we had sex together, and it was beautiful. Here I am, two years later, with a much better outlook on life, back in school, a part-time job, and someone who loves me deeply.

It seems to me the so-called child molesters and criminals against young boys are the men society calls heterosexuals, like the married guy who raped me. Fortunately for me, I was one of the lucky ones who was saved from the criminal element (Normal Men). Thank God for boy-lovers. I hope you print this.

Victor
Philadelphia



For The First Time in My Life I Felt Wanted

I am 16 years old and come from a broken home, where my father left when I was 10 years old. When I turned 12, I started hanging around Times Square and 42nd Street in New York City, because most of the guys would hang around there to pick up older gay guys. Most of the time I didn't have any trouble finding older guys who wanted to have sex with me. Pretty soon, though, the police got to know me, and would send me to this Detention Center, but I would always wind up back on Times Square.

One night two older businessmen picked me up and took me to this motel. At first they acted real nice to me, but later in the motel they made me do all kinds of things to them, and I started to really get scared to death. After I let them use me, they put a cigarette to my rear end, and it hurt pretty bad. While one guy was doing this, the other one made me take his penis all the way down my throat until he had his climax, and then they dropped me off near Central Park without giving me a single dime. I knew my mother would kill me if I went home, so I went back to Times Square because I didn't have anywhere else to go. I was crying when this minister came up to me and asked me what was wrong, so I told him everything and he took me to his pad, where he gave me a bath and put some medicine on my behind. After he gave me some food, I asked him what I had to do in return, and he said not a thing. I guess he was the first person who really took an interest in me.

I stayed with him for nearly two years, and although he was a minister I knew he loved younger boys, because he told me one night. We had sex almost every night, but it was really exciting with him, and he would always give me pleasure when he had his climax. I finally got my mother's permission to live with him, and he made me promise never to hang around Times Square again. For the first time in my life I felt wanted, and he treated me like his real son. Sometimes we would just watch television together and do nothing but hug each other and kiss. Today I am sixteen and have a girlfriend, and he is extremely happy for me.

We continue to have sex with each other, but he never forces himself upon me. I guess you could say I love him more than a father because he taught me nothing is dirty or wrong when it comes to sex with someone you really love.

I am sick and tired of listening to people putting down guys who love young boys. Sure, I know what a boy-lover is, but I also know that he is the most gentle person in the whole wide world, and I can always go to him with all my problems and he listens and helps. I found out early that most guys who hurt young boys are not boy-lovers.

Yours truly,
Gabriel
Havertown, PA

Gay Consciousness

I Need My Lovers

I am a 16-year-old black male. I don't intend to tell my life story in this statement (but I probably will), but I do want to help clear up a controversial issue — Men and Boys.

I am now 16, and without the help of my friends, gay responsible men, I don't know where I would be right now. I moved out of my house when I was 15 and I dropped out of school at about the same time. If it weren't for some of the men I know, I would have been living on the streets during those 2 months. (I now live at home, a happier and more understanding life, and I'm returning to school this fall.) I learn a lot about the world through gay men and that makes me a better person in the long run, ready for my adult life . . . when it comes. One of my lovers who I have known for almost 2 years, takes me out to the movies, to nice restaurants. This gives me more experience than my mother could ever give me. She's more of a McDonald's person. Which is fine, if you like garbage. I need my lovers, who give me psychological support about being gay. They help me to understand it.

I hope to live to see the day when these relationships are just a part of normal everyday life. On occasions I wish I could show some affection to my lover, a hug, holding hands, etc., but I don't dare to be sneered at by some straight assholes. They just don't realize what they are missing. I know, I used to be straight myself. It's boring after a while. I think that it is really ignorant of straight people to be so uninterested in gay sex. The whole world should be bisexual!

Tyrone
New York



He Was Very Special and Kind

I'm a 17-year-old Black kid who lives in a small town in Massachusetts. I've been gay for about 6 years. When I moved to the town I live in now, about 4 and 1/2 years ago, I met this guy named Melvin. He was very special and kind, something I've really never had. I only knew him for a year. After that he had some trouble and he had to move. It was a sudden thing. He never told me he was going. I really miss him and still dream about him.

Since then, I've been lonely and need some advice and a lover. I don't go out because my parents are very strict. They don't know I'm gay, and they will

never know. And there are no gays that I know that live in my town. And Boston is 40 miles away. Please help!! I need some information and advice. I hope you can help me. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Barry
Massachusetts



THE UNICORN #8 (Column)

by a twelve year old faggot

I support NAMBLA because they have given me a chance to philosophize publicly by printing my column. NAMBLA gave me support after the arrest of my man-friend. They have made me comfortable in a gay atmosphere. They take criticism well and always rectify mistakes.

NAMBLA does not lay low on the subject of youth emancipation. NAMBLA supports youth liberation and emancipation. NAMBLA is against the draft, circumcision and clitoridectomy, ageism, and other positions pertaining to youth.

NAMBLA, in my view, is a very revolutionary organization. NAMBLA puts out the *Bulletin*, which is the only magazine of its kind in the U.S. Many NAMBLA members discontinued their sex lives in order to preach the truth about intergenerational sex. NAMBLA members are lovers who seek major changes in the structure of society.

So how could I not support NAMBLA? They are true gay people. They understand that gayness starts at a young age, too. Love comes in all forms, so a relationship should not be deemed wrong unless it is provable that the sex act was unconsensual. I believe in a sexual revolution. To quote Che Guevara, "The true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." Keep up the good work, NAMBLA!

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To the editors of the NYC. NEWS
... from a twelve year old faggot!

Hello! I want to dispel the myth that children do not have the ability to decide what they want to do with their lives. Children are people. Some children have good ideas and others don't. Children are human. Age is an irrelevant factor in the ability to comprehend rationally. There are totally irratio-

nal and totally irresponsible adults out in the world.

I am twelve years old. I am a cock-sucking faggot. I have been gay from a very young age and I feel that I am as much a gay person as someone walking down Christopher St. or the Castro or any so called gay neighborhood. Some gays do not recognize that a young person could be gay.

I believe in gay liberation. Gay liberation must include all aspects of the sexual freedom struggle. Young gays should be made to feel at home in the gay community. The gay rights lobby denounces the "lunatic fringe" groups (pedophiles, TVs, S&M, etc.) to gain a more "respectable" look, and to collect funds from liberal politicians at election time. These actions could destroy the gay liberation struggle by splitting the gay movement. If we are to survive, all forms of gayness must be accepted.

One of the most important lessons you must learn about liberation is that you never sell out to the people oppressing you. The time is here where we must stay by our convictions and be ourselves, in order to show that no matter what they do to us, our ideas will live on in other people's minds. We must flaunt love and fight oppression.

Changes are not made overnight. In order to change attitudes, we must find a dialogue to communicate with parents and authorities. In my life I just leveled with my mother. At first she didn't know whether I thought I was gay or just experimenting with gayness. She is fully supportive of my decision to be gay. Most parents are not like this, though.

I am gay. I am proud. Please be supportive of young gays. It's hard enough for adults to be gay. It is almost impossible for a gay boy to have a good healthy open relationship because of the atmosphere of the community towards youth. I accept all. You should too.

Yours in the struggle for liberation, The Unicorn

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 5, no. 6 (July/August 1984), p. 10.

Body Politics

We Should Be Able to Have the Relationships We Want

I've just turned 17, live at home with my parents, and am in the 12th grade in high school. I'm writing this letter to give you some idea of how young men under 18 feel about why they and men over 18 should be able to have relationships if that's what they want. I myself am gay, and I've been having relationships with older men since I was 12. I think I enjoy sex with older men because to me it's not only sex. I feel the older man becomes a friend that I can go to for advice, and learn from. I believe I and my gay friends should be able to have the sex and relationships we want. This is because as long as no one is being forced to do something they don't want to do, they should be able to have relationships with younger or older men. Age doesn't have anything to do with committing crimes having to do with sex. It's the forced sex that should be illegal, not the love between men and boys.

Some of the things that make for good man and boy relationships are that money should never be offered for a good time. Also, neither man or boy should just want sex. They should want to have conversations, and get involved in gay activities together. Also, there should never be attitudes such as I'm better than you. Or, I just want your body. Some of the things that make for bad relationships are when money is offered at the end of sex. Or when there is hardly any talking, just sex. And also when there is no caring involved. For example, once I was introduced to a man 20 years older than me. So we went to his apartment and had sex. Well, afterwards he offered me a ride home and \$20. It was good money, but it was very insulting and it kind of hurt me inside. So I left without accepting either one.

But don't get me wrong. I have good relationships also. One older man and I became very close. Sometimes we would just go somewhere and talk, instead of having sex. That made the relationships good, and it also proved caring was involved.

It is also not always the older man's fault, either, for a bad relationship. A lot of young men get the feeling they're too good for everyone. They fall in love with themselves and cop an attitude.

George
San Francisco



It Was Me Who Started It

Hi. My name is Frank and I am 15 years old. I would like very much to write and voice my opinion in favor of man/boy relationships.

I first met Bill, who is a boy-lover and 29 years old, when I was 11 years old. I met him at the local PAL (Police Athletic League), where I am a member. At first I was a little scared of him because I knew what he liked to do with boys. But after a while I started to trust him, and he never touched me until I was 13, and it was me who started it.

I enjoy sex with him a lot, and he knows exactly how to please me. We like mutual masturbation most of the time, but usually we just do whatever comes into our heads.

Bill is the one person I can really be myself around, and I don't think sex with him is wrong or harmful to my development. I have a girlfriend, and we have sex very often, but sex with Bill is exciting because I have been taught how to enjoy my body.

I hope more young guys write in also. Please use my name and address if you like.

Frank
Philadelphia



THE UNICORN (first column)

by an 11-year-old faggot

My first statement is that I want to dispel the image that a child is an "innocent little puppy dog." Children have plenty of knowledge about life, the universe and everything. But adults tend not to listen to their children. This "innocent puppy" syndrome represses the child's social, sexual, political, economical, and emotional desires. Children are not taken seriously and are expected to conform to a society in which they can't question its validity.

This has got to stop!

The second part of this column is on the subject of childhood sexuality and intergenerational relationships. A child is a sexual being. Therefore, children should have the right to explore any aspect of sexuality they desire to engage in. Why do parents, politicians, and police (the 3 ps) feed guilt into children that are sexually active? The guilt and shame put on the child's senses does a major amount of damage to the child. The majority of damage comes when the parents press charges and the boy-lover goes to jail and the boy has to deal with the fact that the relationship which was consensual has put this guy

away for a long time.

There is no doubt that children can and do have the ability to decide for themselves what they want. The fact is that if parents should worry about anything it should be about where the children will learn the skills necessary to survive on this planet.

Children who are sexually active should be left to themselves to decide who should be the sex partner, etc. This would not increase rape. Rape is a violent act which cannot be justified. Consensual sex is justified in all forms, so there should not be a tag of criminal placed on intergenerational sex.

Many people have been destroyed because of intergenerational relationships, people who could offer the world a lot if they had just not been persecuted for being different. Burning witches is a pastime which is just regaining popularity in the States. Now, I am not saying that all child-adult sex is justifiable. But I feel that a consensual intergenerational relationship can be a learning experience for people that want to get involved in one.

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 4, no. 10 (December 1983), p. 4.

SECOND INTERNATIONAL GAY YOUTH CONGRESS

ROUGHLY 50 young gay men and lesbians participated in the Second International Gay Youth Congress in Dublin from July 7 to 12. The Congress was funded, in part, by the European Youth Foundation and was attended by delegates from Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Ireland (North and South), the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, the United Kingdom, and the United States of America.

The following are 4 of the 13 resolutions adopted:

We, the Second International Gay Youth Congress, urge the Northern Ireland Gay Rights Association and Cara Friend to withdraw their dismissive attitudes towards gay youth and to campaign strongly for an equal age of consent with their heterosexual counterparts, while ages of consent still exist.

As young people, we must be free to choose our own identities and lifestyles. We oppose ages of consent and all laws which restrict consensual sexual activity because, as young people, they limit our sexual freedom and deny us the right to choose who we relate to sexually.

We call for the abolition of all ages of consent and demand that young people's and women's complaints of sexual assault be taken seriously and that positive discrimination be applied to counter existing power imbalances. Youth must be made less dependent on older people, materially and emotionally.

We would like to insist that the organizers of the Third International Gay Youth Congress spend as large a time as possible, and make positive discrimina-

tion in order to encourage more female delegates, non-white delegates, and younger delegates to attend this congress. Only when this is achieved will the congress be representative of gay youth internationally.

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 6, no. 9 (November 1985), p. 2.

DUTCH GAY YOUTH VISITS SAN FRANCISCO

The United States and Dutch governments are exchanging youth, ten from each country, as part of a gesture toward international understanding. Fortunately, for San Francisco, one of the Dutch young men is gay, 24-year-old Bertram Hofmann, a member of the Dutch Gay and Lesbian Youth Forum and the Dutch Youth Council. It was the Council which chose Hofmann, along with nine others, for this goodwill trip to the United States.

In an interview given to the *Bay Area Reporter* during Hofmann's whirlwind three-day visit to San Francisco, Hofmann talked about the problems of gay and lesbian youth, his changing views about the United States and the things he hopes will come out of this exchange of young people.

"I got an impression in New York and San Francisco," Hofmann said, "that there is a similarity to Amsterdam. You have people who are older and independent and can live as openly gay people. But young people are in big trouble. Older gays and lesbians don't care much about gay and lesbian youth. They think they made a lot of progress in the last years, and they did. But for young people at home or at school it's very difficult to be openly gay because they are dependent."

Hofmann said that he feels the age of consent in California (18) is a problem for young gays. Examples Hofmann gave of European laws on the age of consent were Holland's itself (16), France (15) and Hungary (10). He feels that this, along with the California law against allowing minors under 21 in bars and discos prevents them from interacting with their gay peers socially.

"I think that's part of the reason they go into prostitution," Hofmann said. "It's important when you're young, and aware that you are gay, or lesbian, that you have somewhere you can go to talk to people. Otherwise you go to the streets to meet other boys and girls. And they become prostitutes and get on drugs. The city authorities are responsible for that. We don't have as many youth prostitutes in Holland."

Hofmann talked to people at the Harvey Milk High School in New York and said he understood the need for such a school in this country. He said there was no need in Holland where the aim was integration of lesbians and gays into the nation's social fabric.

"We want the school system to change," Hofmann said, "to give attention to gay and lesbian youth and other lifestyles. They have to give attention to more lifestyles than just the heterosexual one. People need to see more than

just heterosexual experiences. And if we started a separate gay and lesbian school that could be just an alibi for the other schools."

Hofmann was also worried about the social effects of AIDS on young gays. He said that he felt the existence of a disease which is associated with being gay makes it much harder for gay young people today. He said it was natural that young gays would want to explore so he felt information on what constituted safe sex practices was very important.

"Last year we organized the first international gay and lesbian youth conference [held in Amsterdam]," Hofmann said. "We were funded by the [Dutch] government, the city council and the European Youth Foundation. This year we organized the same conference in Dublin, Ireland. It was a very difficult situation over there. [They] apparently didn't get money from the Irish government but the European organization doubled its funding."

The project Hofmann says he will probably broach to U.S. and Dutch authorities is the idea of an exchange of gay and lesbian youth between the two nations. "Maybe a possible exchange on the issue of runaways," Hofmann said. He also sees California and the Bay Area as prime candidates for such an exchange of young people.

As for San Francisco, "I always had the impression that San Francisco was the gay city with openly gay people," Hofmann noted, "but I didn't expect so little attention for lesbian and gay youth. I would like to see more lesbian and gay young people dealing themselves with their affairs. It's cost [us] quite a number of years in Holland to be accepted as gay and lesbian youth dealing with our own affairs. Now we are."

People, particularly young people can respond to Hofmann's ideas on runaways and education by writing him care of The Dutch Gay and Lesbian Youth Forum, PO Box 542 1000 AM. Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

♦ From the *Bay Area Reporter*, September 5, 1985.

It's Adults Who Are Screwed Up about Sex

The stated aims of the Lesbian and Gay Youth Movement in England are: to support and advise lesbian, gay and bisexual young people, to give and receive information, to encourage youth groups run by lesbian and gay young people, to end the oppression of lesbian and gay young people, the liberation of all young people, and to campaign against ageism, classism, sexism and able-bodied chauvinism.

The first topic for a Youth Liberation March in Nottingham, England, on 21st December 1985 was "abolish the age of consent"; the last, "freedom to live where and with whom we want"

When I was eleven, I was moved to secondary school. All of a sudden, I

had to mix with other boys, mostly older than myself, who were being molded into adults. They no longer accepted things like having fun and playing around. Instead, they started the 5-year-plan to try to change me into a conventional, "responsible," respectable, serious, heterosexual, married, at-work adult. They tried to do this by using their power and authoritarianism to oppress me, by beating me if I did not conform. The majority go along with it either because they are too scared to resist, or they put up with it knowing that they will have the power to oppress others in the future. I felt a gut reaction against any form of power, and I knew that I hated the school system. I reacted to this feeling by retreating inside myself. "Daydreaming" was on all my school reports. What they didn't know was that I was thinking. Thinking of a better world where adult ideas had been abolished, and I was free. That was my strength. I knew that I couldn't fight the system on my own and win—though I did get detention frequently for refusing to do homework, and I did hit a teacher once for being patronizing—so I concentrated in fighting within myself to retain my own thoughts, desires, loves and fantasies. I built a wall between myself and my parents, my teachers and my classmates.

At lunchbreaks I cut across the playground to the other side of the school to the primary school toilets. We weren't allowed to play games or mix with these younger boys even though some were only one year younger than me. The playgrounds were totally segregated. So, I used to sneak into their toilets and hide in a cubicle. I watched the boys coming in for a piss and longed to be closer to them. I didn't think of it at the time in terms of sex, gay or paedophile, but I knew that I wanted to cuddle up naked to another younger boy and explore each other's body. I knew that I loved younger boys and was definite about my sexuality. I wanted sex. I was eleven.

This is a true story about me when I was eleven. I know that I was sexual and enjoyed playing with my willy before then. I've written this down because it's still difficult for the Lesbian and Gay Youth Movement to convince people that young girls and boys do have a sexuality and often do want sex. Some people like me are attracted to younger people (the age group that I am most attracted to hasn't changed at all). Other girls and boys want sex with older women and men. Everyone's sexual attractions are different, and of course, all are valid and should be supported.

I've talked to lots of my lesbian and gay friends about their early sexual feelings. All of them knew that they were attracted to people of the same sex from between the ages of four and 12, and some have experienced the most equal relationships in their lives when they were at that age with people older than themselves. I have a seven-year-old gay friend who is very certain about his attraction to older boys and men. He knows his sexuality, and he knows he enjoys sex. How dare the law say that he has to wait fourteen years before he's allowed to have fun touching another older boy's or man's body! It's adults who are screwed up about sex, sexuality and nudity—we do it for fun!

I do believe young people in this sick society need protection from violence and non-consensual sex, in the same way that women need the law to protect them from rape by men. We need to strengthen these laws. But let us not confuse violence and rape with beautiful, loving relationships and consensual sex. They couldn't be more different. Adult society has got things completely upside down. Rape of women by men is said to be natural, murder by "bur" troops in Northern Ireland and Falklands is good and glorified. Yet loving consensual relationships between two people can mean life imprisonment. I am very angry that this is so! LGYM should be angry and campaign to change both the law and the way society shits on young people. Reducing the age of consent to something like 16 does no good; this does nothing for all those lesbian and gay seven-year-olds hiding in primary school closets. The school system is so strong that it is hard for individuals to fight against it, but as a group we might have a better chance.

LGYM should be helping young gay boys and girls at school by campaigning to abolish the age of consent.

❖ From the *Lesbian and Gay Youth Magazine*, no. 16, Nottingham, England.

The Sex Police: Man/Boy Love and the Law

MOMS AND TEENS FILE \$200M FEDERAL SUIT AGAINST POLICE AND BRONX D.A.s FOR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ABUSE

NEW YORK — Two mothers and eight youths ranging in age from 11 to 18 years have filed a federal civil rights lawsuit against officer Robert Maginnis and his partner Vito (last name unknown) of the Manhattan South precinct, Bronx A.D.A.s Maryann Jennings, Mitch Garber, and Charles Siegel and other city and state officials, including Mayor Koch and Governor Cuomo.

The suit attacks what these parents and youths call outrageous and criminal tactics used by these officers and D.A.s in their investigations of alleged sexual contact between the youths and a 36-year-old same-gender-oriented (sic) adult friend named Ed Bagarozy. Immediately after the suit was filed on March 25, Federal Judge Goettel of the Southern District of New York, because of the sensitive nature of the issues involved, issued a protection order to safeguard the identities of the parents and youths. For that reason, they may be identified only by their initials. The state officials were named in the suit for permitting the tactics being challenged to exist in their jurisdiction.

In April 1985, a third mother, Mrs. E.M., joined the suit after finding out that officer Maginnis repeatedly abducted her son, 14-year-old D.M., from school every two or three days for five hours at a time to interrogate him about the alleged sexual acts. This happened about thirteen times without her knowledge. The harassment began out of nowhere. No complaints had been filed. D.M. reports that there was no sex between him and Mr. Bagarozy, that he told Maginnis this, and that the officer would not accept his statement. D.M. was told by this officer that he would be arrested, that he was a "queer," and that all of his friends were "queer." He was repeatedly harassed in this manner for four to five hours at a time during a time when he should have been in school. After a while, D.M. stopped going to school to avoid Maginnis. The constant pressure became unbearable. D.M. states that he lied to the grand jury when he told them that a sexual act had occurred.

D.M. also reports that during one of the sessions Maginnis took him to the Bronx Court House to be interviewed by A.D.A. Jennings. She told D.M., "We really want to get this man. He molests five-year-olds. Even if nothing happened, we'll do anything for you, and if you say something did happen, we'll be able to put him away for years."

Fourteen-year-old M.O. was told by Maginnis just before going into the grand jury, "I have your school records right here. You've been truant. If you don't cooperate, I'm going to come down real hard on you and have you put in

Spofford." M.O. also reports that he lied when he told the grand jury that there had been sex between himself and Bagarozy.

Both D.M. and M.O. appeared on the Independent Network News broadcast on New York City's Channel 11 Tuesday evening, April 30 and described how they had been coerced into lying.

Thirteen-year-olds M.J. and T.S., 14-year-old L.R., and 18-year-old R.R. are also plaintiffs in the suit. They were harassed in a similar fashion but always maintained that there had been no sexual contact. M.J. was held in a room by Maginnis for hours during which time the officer intimidatingly placed his gun on a table, the barrel pointing toward the youth. The boy was told that if he didn't cooperate he would go to Spofford. Maginnis graphically described how the boy would be gang-raped there. Mrs. J.S. witnessed the gun on the table. When M.J. would not give in to this pressure to make him lie, his mother, Mrs. N.J., was told, "Talk to your son and make him cooperate with us." Mrs. N.J. responded that her son had told the truth and she would not force him to lie. Fourteen-year-old L.R. received the same threats of incarceration and gang rapes.

The parents of these boys are shocked and outraged that such things could happen to their sons at the hands of the police and D.A.s whose supposed duty is to protect them. They are seeking \$200 million in damages as well as publicity for this case in the hope that public outrage will make it impossible for police to brutalize children in this manner.

Also being challenged by the suit are the statutes in the law which encourage these tactics and which are being used to deprive their sons of their freedoms of association, privacy, and due process. One of the mothers, Mrs. J.S., was held against her will for seven hours in front of numerous witnesses, because she would not let her son T.S. be questioned without her being present. Jennings then proceeded to accuse Mrs. J.S., in crude and explicit language, of having had sex with Bagarozy. This confirmed for Mrs. J.S. the accuracy of her son's account to her.

During the April 30 broadcast on Channel 11, Bronx D.A. Mario Merola claimed he knew nothing of D.M. and M.O. recanting their testimony, even though three weeks earlier he had been served as a defendant in this federal suit. The papers served included a sworn affidavit by M.O. stating that his grand-jury testimony was a coerced lie. In the same telecast, Jennings denied using coercive techniques herself but would not vouch for the tactics that the police may have used. Officer Maginnis admitted interrogating the youths without their parents' knowledge.

According to the mothers, this is not an isolated incident. These tactics are part of police training and could be used on the children of any parents. One objective of the lawsuit is the elimination of such police brutality.

Teens Charge Cops Threatened Them With Rape

by Bill Andriette

Allegations first made in 1985 that a New York City police officer and two Bronx Assistant District Attorneys threatened seven teenage boys with rape, beatings, and incarceration were never investigated and have not resulted in any disciplinary action, according to a report on age-of-consent laws published in *the Guide to the Gay Northeast's* October 1989 issue.

Affidavits filed by the boys and two of their parents received by *the Guide* allege that Sergeant Robert W. Maginnis, now in the Public Morals division of the Brooklyn South Precinct (#72), and Bronx Assistant D.A.s Mitch Garber (no longer with the D.A.'s office) and Maryann Jennings harassed the boys and their parents when they would not offer incriminating testimony against Richard Bagarozzy, a Bronx resident under investigation for having sex with underage males.

The affidavits were filed in 1985 as part of a federal suit that was dismissed on technical grounds before the charges were ever answered.

One of the boys, then 13 years old, states that the police came to his home and took him for questioning, telling his mother she could not come along.

"I was kept for seven hours, during which time Detective Maginnis threatened to beat me, take me to Spofford (a Bronx juvenile jail) where six guys his size would hold me down and fuck me up the ass, and he took out his gun and put it on the table in front of me while threatening me," the boy alleged. "I thought he was going to shoot me and say it was an accident, because I would not lie against my friend like he wanted me to."

The boy also said that Sergeant Maginnis and Assistant D.A. Maryann Jennings repeatedly called him "queer" and "fag" and threatened to tell people at his school that he was gay.

Another boy, then 14, relates a similar story. "They were talking to me, screaming at me," he said. "(Assistant D.A.) Mitch Garber was screaming, 'You're bullshitting me! You're a liar.' I said, 'Don't be telling me I'm a liar, or I'll leave right now.' He said, 'You ain't leaving nowhere.' I was held against my will."

"They said, 'You'd better tell us right now you're a liar, you'd better tell us or you're going to Spofford,'" the boy continues. "'Do you know what they do to little kids at Spofford? They fuck 'em up the ass when they get to Spofford, so you better hope you bring Vaseline.'"

Lawyers contacted by *the Guide* said that this kind of harassment occurs frequently.

Barbara Macy, a Boston attorney who has handled many cases involving police allegations of sex between men and adolescent boys, said that she is often bothered by the way boys are treated by investigators.

"They're threatened to make admissions of sex and make damaging statements about the defendants when they don't feel that way," said Macy, who

works with Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders in Boston.

Police also admit that coercion occurs. Lieutenant William Thorne, then with the Bergen County, New Jersey, sex crimes unit, told the *Bergen County Record* that "the big problem" of police "is getting underage boys to testify against their male lovers." Sometimes investigators will follow a couple and then pick up the boy as he is leaving the older man's home. The interrogation can be intense.

"We've got to crack the boy," Lieutenant Thorne told the *Record*, "and it's not an easy thing to do."

Sergeant Maginnis and Assistant D.A. Jennings refused to talk with *the Guide*.

A spokesperson at the NYPD Public Information Office said there was no record that Sergeant Maginnis had ever been investigated.

When asked if New York police ever practice tactics like those alleged by the boys, Deputy Inspector Daniel F. McCormick, Maginnis' supervisor on the morals squad, responded, "Listen, I don't think you really want to ask me a question like that, do you?" and added that he would never incriminate his department.

Edward McCarthy, spokesperson for the Bronx D.A.'s office, said that he did not think Assistant D.A. Jennings was ever investigated, and that there would be no way to determine for sure.

Katie Doran, liaison to the lesbian and gay community in the Manhattan D.A.'s office, said that if similar charges arose in her jurisdiction that "certainly those allegations would be checked out . . ." She said there were procedures in the Manhattan office designed to protect against abuse of minor witnesses. But about the Bronx allegations Doran said, "It seems outrageous, though I don't doubt it for a moment."

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 10, no. 10 (December 1989), p. 14.

***I Know What I Am: Gay Teenagers and the Law* by the Joint Council for Gay Teenagers, United Kingdom**

The purpose of this response [to a U.K. government advisory committee] is straightforward: it is to make it clear beyond doubt that young homosexual people of both sexes are a reality and are, in our society, demanding recognition and positive support, not legal sanctions.

The Joint Council for Gay Teenagers (JCGT), set up in late 1978, comprises many of the principal organizations in the United Kingdom that provide support to young gay people. Our constituent organizations have a great deal of firsthand experience and knowledge of gay teenagers' needs. We are aware not only of the difficulties they often face but also that a new generation of gay people is growing up unwilling to suffer as previous generations have been

expected to. Indeed the separation between "them" and "us" is false, as many gay men under the present minimum age and many young lesbians help run the support services for gay people. . . . The JCGT has collected statements from 98 gay teenagers in England, Wales, and Scotland. Extracts from these have been used as illustrations throughout this response. . . .

Jeff, 19, Speke:

After I met Mike I started to spend a lot of time with him, staying at his house overnight sometimes. . . . When I was 15 I went to court and they made a care order [commitment to an institution]. They did it partly because of Mike. I hated it in care and I used to run away to stay with Mike. I was 16 at the time and I had to go to court. It was a bad time. We had a good lawyer and Mike got off with probation. . . . I think all we have been through has brought us together more.

Glyn, 19, Manchester:

My man was caught cottaging [cruising] and arrested. The next day four policemen came to school to collect me and take me to the police station. There I was given a rigorous medical and interrogated intensely. My life was wrecked. . . . I didn't go to school for three months. I was recovering from a nervous breakdown. . . . The case spanned nearly a year and eventually he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison.

Trevor, 17, Northampton:

When I rang (the number of a local gay group) he said that I was too young for him to help me. . . . If I don't meet someone soon, I swear, I'll do something I'll regret. I wish people could understand how lonely it can be.

It would be wholly unsatisfactory if the law, even with a minimum age of 16, still made it risky for support and counseling services, gay and non-gay, to offer help and advice to self-defined gay people younger than 16. The only humane and logical step would be to abolish the concept of a minimum age altogether for homosexuals of both sexes and to rely instead on the laws dealing with common assault where there is evidence that a sexual act was not consensual. The Joint Council is not alone in this view which has already been put forward in general terms by the Sexual Law Reform Society and the National Council for Civil Liberties. But both of these organizations, while accepting the logic of this view, drew back from incorporating it in their specific proposals. More recently a Joint Working Party on Pregnant Schoolgirls and Schoolgirl Mothers has recommended the repeal of the law relating to the heterosexual age of consent.

The same Working Party makes other recommendations about prosecution

policy which we endorse. Some of the arguments it puts forward concerning the negative effect which the age of consent has on the welfare of consenting young heterosexual people have parallels in the case of young gay people; for example, a legal minimum age deters them from seeking advice on relationships or on avoiding exploitive or unwanted relationships. This kind of advice is probably more important for people under 18.

If a minimum age of 16 were adopted we strongly recommend that prosecution policy strictly limit its use to cases where consent was absent or where the younger partner was less than 14 years old. Even in the latter cases which were found to be consensual, penalties should be limited to fines and community service orders.

The only civilized answer to the question put to the Policy Advisory Committee would be to remove consensual sexual acts altogether from the realm of the criminal law. Only then can hundreds of thousands of young gay people freely seek and receive the best help and advice, make relationships of their choosing without constant fear of sanction, and use their energies and skills fully to make the world a better, kinder place. Only then, too, can the heterosexual majority obtain the help and education it needs to live in harmony with gay women and men at home, at school and at work.

❖ From *The Age Taboo*, Daniel Tsang, editor. Published by Alyson Publications, Boston, and Gay Merb Press, London, 1981.

"VICTIM" JOINS NAMBLA

Press Release

NORTH AMERICAN MAN/BOY LOVE ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 174 Midtown Station, New York, NY10018

November 12, 1981

Harold Baker, 16, who has been questioned by FBI and police in connection with the July 11, 1981 raids and arrests of nine men on charges of engaging in sexual activities with boys has recently joined NAMBLA to help fight against the State's repression of men and boys who love each other.

Baker has been threatened with arrest and jail by police and district attorneys in New Jersey, Long Island, and in upstate New York because he has refused to cooperate.

Baker is a member of the Steering Committee and is active in its Prisoner Support Program.

When asked why he joined NAMBLA Baker replied, "To help the other men and boys who are being harassed by the police to fight back. I know a lot

of men and boys who are lovers and who have sex with each other, and there is nothing wrong with this."

A friend of Baker's for over six years now, Karl Ahlers, Jr., 48, of Chichester, New York, was arrested in the July 11th cases and has been indicted by a Grand Jury on 32 counts of sexual activities with minors. Baker states that, "It is stupid that Karl has been arrested for this. He is good to the boys and he likes them, and they like him." Baker stated that police and district attorneys in Ulster and Nassau counties forced the boys to sign statements after questioning them for many hours.

Baker stated, "We must get these men out of jail, and we must get all these charges dropped. I don't want to see Karl, or any of the other men, go to jail. If we (kids) have to go and protest in front of the court houses, then we will protest, but we do not want to see our friends go to jail."

NAMBLA calls for all Lesbian and Gay, Progressive, and Civil Libertarian groups and individuals to support the children and defendants in these cases as they develop.

LOVE IS NOT A CRIME!

SEX IS NOT A CRIME!

HELP KEEP THE STATE OUT OF PRIVATE BEDROOMS AND HOMES!

❖ *NAMBLA Bulletin*, vol. 2, no. 9 (November 1981), p. 5.

There Were Bars on My Bedroom Window

Dear NAMBLA,

I am twelve and my name is Jonah. I have a lover, Mark. He is twenty-five. We have been together for a year and a half.

My mother I thought didn't mind. But it turned out that she just wasn't saying anything. Then I found out that my whole family didn't approve of my relationship with Mark. Mark has called for me but I never got his messages. So I started sneaking out at night to see him. He tells me that sneaking out is not good, but when we touch it makes it worth it for me.

That was the last time I saw him for a while. My mom and dad must have found out that I was sneaking out to see him, because when I got home that day after school there were bars on my bedroom window. When I went to ask my dad why, I heard him on the phone. Then I heard the name, Mark, and I got excited. Then my dad got mad and told Mark that if he called or talked to me again he would call the police on him.

After he hung up the phone I ran out of the house and went over to Mark's house. By the time I got there Mark was drunk and had his friend Jason over (another young boy). I thought something was going on so I listened by an open window. Mark was crying and telling Jason how much

he loved me. I started crying, too. Then I heard him say if we couldn't be together he was going to kill himself. That's when I ran in and grabbed him and we sat and cried together.

I love him and it's not like a father or a brother, but like a lover. And if anything happened to him I would kill myself. I can't turn to anyone for support. I went to Chicago to a bookstore and found your magazine. I want Mark to know I really do love him. Please respond to the address that is in here—it's a friend's.

Signed (Is there anybody out there?)

The prisoner,
Jonah

❖ Unpublished letter, received recently.

Join Us Today!

NAMBLA's goal is to end the long-standing oppression of men and boys involved in mutually consensual relationships. We are working to improve public information, to gain public understanding of the benevolent nature of man/boy love, and to raise the consciousness of man/boy lovers through our publications, local working groups, international outreach, political and educational activities.

NAMBLA's membership is open to all individuals sympathetic to man/boy love in particular and sexual freedom in general.

Members receive the NAMBLA Bulletin and other NAMBLA publications as they are issued. Sustaining Members and Life Members gain free admission to General Membership Conferences and other NAMBLA-sponsored events.

You can help in our struggle for liberation by joining NAMBLA today!

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Annual Membership	\$35.00
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U.S., Mexico, and Canada	\$40/year (\$110 for three years)
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Upon request, persons with limited incomes may pay \$15. Prisoners may receive free membership and newsletters.

If you agree with our aims, please join us today! Send a check, money order, or traveler's check drawn on a U.S. bank in U.S. funds and made payable to "NAMBLA." Send this right away to:

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